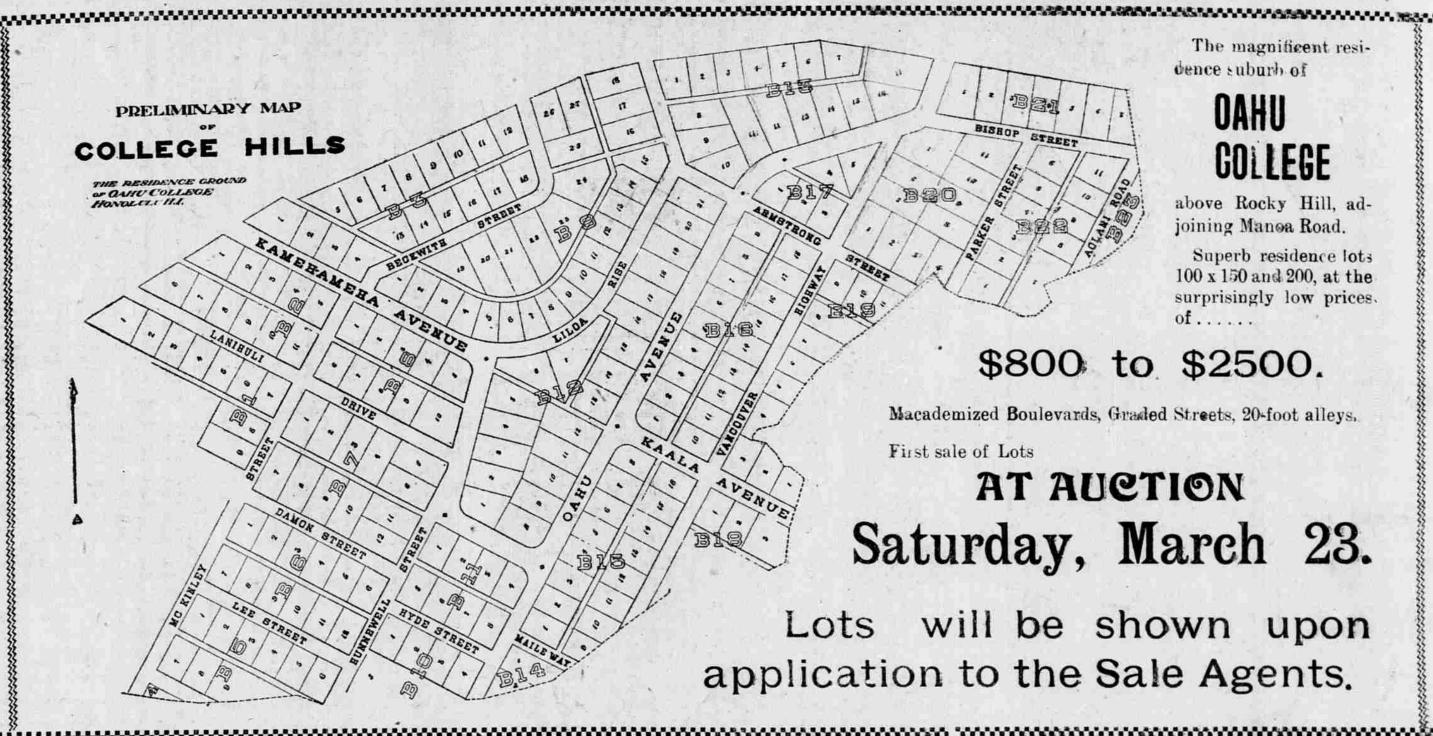
COLEGE HILS!



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WRECK OF STEAMSHIP RIO MAKES SORROW HERE

(Continued from Page 9.)

Indiana seems well established. The Wakefields Known Here

were drowned, came to Honolulu about family were aboard." the first of the year and were guests at the Hawanan Hotel until they went away on the Rio. They occupied apartments in the new cottage of the hotel, adjoining Beretanla street. They made a trip to Hilo, visited the voicano, and saw everything that is interesting to tourists. They were last at the Walalua Hotel and returned to the City and to the Hawaiian Hotel two days before the Rio sailed. Both the ladles were very popular in the social life at the hotel, and the guests yet at that hostelry who had been their companions daily were

horrified to hear of their fate. The Call says: Mrs. S. H. Wakefield and her daughter, Miss Naomi Wakefield, who were lost in the wreck of the Rio de Janeiro, were well known in Oakland and were leaders in the inner social circle. They traveled a great deal, and when in Oakland resided at the Hotel Metropole.

Mrs. Wakefield and ner daughter spent the early part of the winter at the Metropole, but decided, for the benefit of the health of Miss Wakefield, to go to the Hawaiian Islands. On November 20 they left Oakland, and they have been in the

islands since. The last steamer from Honolulu brought a letter from Mrs. Wakefield re-engaging her rooms at the Metropole and saying that she would arrive on the Rio de Janeiro about February 20.

Mrs. Wakefield has a sister, Mrs. R. her sister, and shortly after her arrival Wakefield's body was brought

There are many in Oakland who will learn with sorrow of the death of the They had many friends and be-

Long Barley Fscaped.

MAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 22.-R. Long of Honolulu, whose home is it Petaluma, where his family reside, wa also brought to Meigg's wharf. He said This morning about 4:30 o'clock the pilot left orders if it cleared up he would bring the ship up to the quarantine grounds. It cleared up as they were at getting up the anchor, and then it be- sailed came foggy again. The vessel, however, dat started up, and she ran about twentyave or thirty minutes when she struck hard. She piled up on the rock. There was considerable freight on the main deck which began to list. I did not think the vessel would go down so soon, so I went to my stateroom and packed my vallse. I also took off my old coat and put on a new one. I thought if I was to drown, I'd drown in my best clothes. I also got my cane, but I lost it. When I got on deck the Rio was listing to port. You know, she struck on the starboard. I jumped into the water and went down with the ship. I Shahad, fortunately, provided myself with gone a life preserver and came to the sur- 7:30 o Tace. Then I saw a ship's life raft, but the woman from amidst the wreckage. A were striving to render assistance. The something to gratify their curiosity, evening paper. He was on deck from I was so heavily weighted down that it life-preserver was around her neck and suction of the sinking vessel had by As the day were on the terrible details the time the ship struck until she went must have been fully ten minutes be- ber body was still warm when it was this time silenced those who were in of the disaster were brought out by the fore I got on the raft. I saw one boat taken aboard. Near by the spot where the water, while those who had secured stories of those who survived.

is not certain, but that he was from He is also from Petaluma. His family lives there. He was down in Honorulu for a snort visit. I have a business in Honolulu, and this has been my eighth Mrs. Wakefield and her daughter, who trip. Consul General Wildman and his

Miss Frances Ripley, who was one of the saved, was wen known in Honolulu and had I ved at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Hatch. She had a narrow escape and tells of her experiences as Tollows:

"As I wanted to enjoy the run through the Golden Gate," she said, "I arose and dressed as soon as I feit the steamer moving and went on deck. I the vessel seemed to recede for a second and then make a wild plunge forward. It quivered from bow to stern and then began to turn on one side.

The captain shouted from the bridge, people were screaming and running about possible confusion prevailed. "Think ng some of the lades of the

cabin would need aid. I ran down to the saloon and found Mrs. West, who was bewildered and frightened.

'We went on deck and were literally picked up by some of the officers and put in a small boat. As we left the ship I saw the captain on the deck. He seemed to be directing things as well as he could in the great confusion. "I shall never believe that he locked himself in hs cabin. If he went down

was at his post of duty." Seymour Had Friencs Here.

W. Miller, I ving at 1087 East Twenty- Manila American, who became well H. F. Seymour, the proprietor of the seventh street, in this city. As soon as known in Honolulu during his short stay, the story of the wreck of the steamship was a man of the world, and was one reached Oakland Mrs. Miller went to of the first to go to Manila to assist San Francisco to learn of the fate of Dewey in taking the capital of the Phil-He went as a volunteer sol ippines. dier, and upon his discharge invested what money he had in a Spanish newspaper, which he at once re-named the American," and printed it in English, fore their departure for Honolulu they here on his way to the Coast to buy an gave a dinner at the Metropole, at entire new printing plant for his paper, which they entertained a large party of he was considered a rich man. His pafriends who wished them a happy jour- per was to become one of the chief dailles of Manila. C. O. Ziegenfuss, formerly city editor of one of the local papers, was associated with the Amerin, having been engaged upon its staff rtly before Seymour sailed. Seymour

eded to come through Honolulu on ay to the Philippines on March 22, last words to D. C. Camarinos, us one of his best friends here, number of local newspaper men awaiian Hotel the night the Rio "Now, don't forget the will be back here on March 22, want you boys to have things forget the date," Seymour was vice president of the Manila Country Club. the first racing organization started 'n Manifa after the occupation by the American troops,

Camarinos' Card Found. Aler: arrived at Meigg's wharf at 10:35, shore to help those who might be found weak up. She was loaded with people, she was found Captain Shaw picked up places on wreckage were too much ex
My watch stopped at 14 minutes to 6. I a card containing the address "D. G. hausted to call for aid.

Band a friend on board, Harry Guyon. Camarinos, Honolulu, P. O. Box 807."

As daylight drew on the fog lifted and SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 23.—Pilot Fred. of the many who went down with the

William Caspar also came ashore at Meigg's whaif. He was a coal heaver on board the transport Lawton, but was put on at Honolulu, owing to stomach trouble. He was being sent home by the Government. He said:

"My name is William Caspar, and 1 belong in Toledo, O. I was washed off the hurricane deck and went down several feet in the water. When I reached the surface I caught a log, to which I clung. I was almost exhausted, and thought I would have to let go when one of the ship's rafts came along," on which I struggled. I was in my bunk when the Rio struck. There were fourteen Chinamen on the raft, and had it not been for them I should never have been able to get on.'

Fhil p Nussenblatt, a passenger from Honolulu, was saved by Frederick Castrini, the owner of the fishing boat, who a so rescued Captain Jordan.

He said: "I was in the water fully one hour and half clinging to a log. I must have gone down at least twenty feet in the water. When I came to the surface I grabbed the log. There was a big fellow in the water near me, and he go: near enough to grab me by the neck. I don't know how he broke loose. When had been there but a few minutes when I was on the log I aept calling loudly, and was rescued by the Italian just opposite the battery."

How the Kin was Wrecked.

The Chronicle says: At noon Thursday the Rio de Janeiro, then 2 days everaimiessly in their terror and the greatest due, dropped anchor four miles outside to lift and give her a fair run into har- alve out of the 210 who had expected to struck on the rocks. I realized that the and, although she, like others, ofter sels that might be working their way to the Berkeley shore. toward the Golden Gate. At 4 o'clock yesterday morning the fog lifted and the stars and the bright lights on the baits for those ghouls who always flock to harbor. At 4:30 the anchor was rais- bags which bore the tag "registered" ed and the big vessel steamed slowly were cut open and rifled of their conagainst the strong tide, passing Point tents. Lobos, Land's End and the Mile Rock launches, small sloops and smacks hovdenly as it had lifted, the fog came owners picking up such flotsam and jetdown and wrapped sea, sky and land in sam as could be found and then hurryan impenetrable vell.

At 5:25, as she was drifting almost aimthe steamer struck with her star- f om them. board bow on hidden rocks, then slowly cargo of silks, opium and other mer settled back and slid off into deep wa- chandise, valued, it is said, at a million point, and now lies so well hidden that worth reached the surface. notwithstanding the search continued all day by hundreds of boats her location remains one of the mysteries of the Gate, as does the exact place where she met her destruction.

Captain Fred Jordan, better known among h's fellow pilots and sea captains as "Little Jordan," who has long borne the reputation of being the luckiest pilot on the hay, was on the bridge, but with the enveloping fog and the strong tide fortune forsook him and he lost h's bearings. Exactly where the ship Fitzgerald that the Rio had been wreckstruck Jordan does not know. He thinks it was on Fort Point ledge, but it was all over so quickly that he had little time to think before he found himself bottom with scores upon scores of huin the water clinging to a plank in com- man beings. I show me a good time. Don't pany with one of the Chinese crew.

The first information to reach shore with calls as anxious relatives and was when a frightened Italian fisher- friends endeavored to get some knowlman, who could scarcely tell his story, edge of the fate of their loved ones. This rushed into the Baker's Beach Life-Sav- information becoming inadequate, ing Station and announced that a big ship had sunk in the bay. The word burried to Meiggs' wharf and other was passed along to other stations, and N FRANCISCO, Feb. 22.-The tug soon the rescuing boats shot from the be obtained. the dead body of a woman, ap-struggling in the water. Little could looking the scene of the wreck, where for which came down on us as we were the morbid crowd stood all day long the morbid crowd stood all day l American flag. Captain David darkness and the heavy fog which still looking down at the boats in the bay. the Alert stated that he had hung close to the water. No sound came Other hundreds patrolled the beach from to the scene of the wreck at to the searchers and not a cry for help trarbor View to Point San Pedre, twelve or went held up the heart by the anylous area. The k. He picked up the body of was heard by the anxious ones who miles below the Chiff House, seeking or went below, as has been stated in an from amiles the weaking of was particular to render assistance.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM WARD,

Who Went Down With His Ship.

PYAIN WILDIAM WARDI.

tinued until nightfall, but the results were meager. Twenty-seven whites and the Heads and wated for the dense for fifty-six Chinese were brought ashore bor. Toward evening there was a slight greet their welcoming friends at the strong ebb tide had swung us on to clearing of the sky and the vessel wharf yesterday morning. Small bits of Mile Rock, but I did not think for a steamed in close to Point Lobbs, where broken planking strewed the vicinity of minute that the vessel would go down. she anchored again because of the thick- the wreck and floated with the changening weather. All night she lay while ing tide, leaving a grewsome trail from her bell tolled a warning to other ves- Land's End up through Raccoon straits Mail bags rose from the jagged hole

in the ship's side and were tempting Whitehalls, gasoline fishing ing away to hide the prizes before they were discovered and their booty taken fusion, as we had no lights. But out of the immense

The first news of the disaster reached the Merchants' Exchange through a telephone message from M. J. Fitzgerald. marine reporter of the Exchange at Meiggs' wharf. Fitzgerald was standing into the fog for some trace of the overdue China steamer, when, at 7:40 o'clock, he was startled to see a boatload of thinly clad people approaching the dock. In a moment the name of the steamer ed. The tidings was flashed up town and soon the whole city knew that the big Pacific Mail liner had gone to

streets were filled with throngs who points where it was thought news might

erick Jordan was in consultation with Rio did not care to live. That man was Vice President Schwerin of the Pacific Mail Company for more than two hours yesterday at the Man dock. After the adot was brought safely to land by some fishermen who had picked him up, his immediate wants were attended to at ond Officer Coghlan saw him shortly be the Merchants' Exchange office on fore the Rio plunged beneath the wa-Meigg's wharf, and he then proceeded to his home to assure his family of his for his stateroom, A woman, Mrs. Kate safety. After spending a few minutes at his home, Jordan went to the Mail dock, where Vice President Schwerin was waiting for him. In speaking of his

experiences Pilot Jordan said: 'I went out on Monday in one of the pilot boats and went on board the Rio de Janeiro on Thursday evening at clock. It was very foggy outside the Heads and Captain Ward decided to lay to for the night. This morning at 4:32 the fog cleared, and I went on the had the distinction of being the youngbridge and ordered the anchor up. Captain Ward, the first and second officers ing up the anchor and just as we got all spoke well of him. The lives in his under way I could see clearly the Cliff charge were to be kept from harm; his House and North Head lights.

"As we got under way I saw the fog creed. coming down again, I could see both points of the Heads as the fog came down and Captain Ward told me to go ahead. I could hear the fog whistles Howard street, this city. Their marat Point Bonita and Lime Point. There was a strong ebb tide running against had hoped to get shore duty, so that h us and the Rio was making half speed.

could not see the land. Then all of a mer. sudden came the crash as the ship Miss Jackson is completely prostrated In about five minutes after we struck the lights went out, which showed that

"Captain Ward and the officers and erew behaved with splendid courage and his ship. discipline was maintained. As soon as There is sun further verification discipline was maintained. As soon as Captain Ward's sense of responsibility headlands gave promise of a quick run to the scene of d'saster. Two of the of fire and the crew responded promptly and went to their assigned quarters see that the boats and life rafts were lowered. He ordered some of the crew on up toward Fort Point, when, as sud- ered about the scene all day long, their to get the passengers from their staterooms. I saw a boat break from its davits and the passengers in it were thrown into the water. There was con-

"I was about to get down the rope ladder to the doctor's boat when a man cabin. rushed up to me with a woman and a which closed over her topmost and a half dollars, probably not \$100 little boy. He asked me for God's sake o save his wife and child. I took hold f the boy and told him to hang on to my neck, and I caught the woman and was helping her down the ladder when the ship slipped off the rock sideways and went down head first, I must have been carried fifty feet down by the suction, and I never saw the woman or boy agnin.

From the description given of the woman and child by the pilot, it is evident that they were Mrs. Wildman and her Continuing, Pilot Jordan said: "When I came to the surface I was dazed and did not know for a minute what had happened. I started to swim and caught hold of a big piece of wood which floated toward me. I threw my arms over it and drifted around until I aw part of a deck-house with a Chinacould and the Chinaman helped me on to the place where he was. We drifted around for an hour or more until fishermen came alongside and picked as

When asked to what he attributed the disaster, Pilot Jordan said: "I can only attribute it to the strong

tide which was running and which fog which came down on us as we were repair work under way prevented us from seeing

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 23.-One man shi will take charge of my pro

Captain William Ward. After the ship struck he did all in his power to save his passengers, but all who saw him in those last fateful moments agree that he made no effort to save himself. Sec

ters. At that time Ward was making West, believes that she was the last person who saw him. Her story is that he stepped into his stateroom and closed the door. A moment later the ship went down.

A native of North Carolina, Ward had the typical pride and spirit of the South 5 His ship was his life, and he guarde! her jealously. Entering the service of the Pacific Mail as a boy he worked has way up from cadet to captain, and he est executive officer in the service of his company. He was only 38 when he and two quartermasters were on the died. As a captain he was brave and bridge with me. While we were heav- courageous, and passengers and seamen cargo was to be landed-that was ha

He had never married, but was exgaged to Miss Lena Jackson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Jackson of 2115 riage was delayed because Captain Ward could live at home. The wedding was to have taken place early in the sum-

heard him say that he never would face the disgrace of losing his ship, she is hoping against hope that he may yet be heard from. Other members of the fam-Hy speak of his firm, inflexible will and pride, and say that they feel sure that he deliberately went to his death with

n regard to the steamers placed in his harge. He told one friend that if he saw his ship lost and there was nothing more for him to do he would go into his cabin and blow out his brains. This friend thinks that if the sea ever gives up its dead it will be found that Captain Ward kept his word. Others say that he did not have time to carry out such a threat, as the ship went down soon after he was seen to enter his

Captain Ward wrote to his intended wife from Nagasaki in a most cheerful way and spoke of the happy days which was sure were close at hand. A brother and a sister of Ward live in Raleigh, N. C., his native city, and another brother is a druggist in Den

ver, Cel.

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